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POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES H. GRANGER.

One day as Youth reclined in Beauty's bow,
Delight and health sat pictured on his brow,
While music's tones, and perfumes sweet of flow'rs
In magic chains his senses bound, I trow:
And Youth gaz'd full in Beauty's sparkling eyes,
Which to his guests sent back their quick replies.

"Oh! ever thus," said Youth, "glide on my days,
Nor e'er let time, nor age its blightings bring;
Nought charming Beauty's safely bearing rays,
My life shall be one bright perennial spring;
Thy smile, oh Beauty, with such power is rife,
'Twill give to death itself renewing life."

Then Beauty rais'd her starry eyes and said:
"Trust not to me, nor at my altar bow,
I cannot turn the darts that death has sped,
Nor yet avert one gray hair from thy brow.
E'en now upon the arch that guards thine eyes,
That herald of advancing age I spy."

Then in a playful mood while thus she spoke,
She sought to pluck away th' unbidden tear;
And as her delicate fingers sweetly woke,
Youth all of Beauty's thrilling power confess'd;
Yet gently still the little theft refrain'd,
While with a thoughtful air he only mused.

Oh, Time! how swiftly speed thy chariot wheels;
And yet how gradual is thy sure decree;
Creeping now thy nightly hand reveals—
As mightily still with awful power to slay;
But what shall heal the smarting wounds you leave,
Defy old age, and clip thy ceaseless wing?

Array'd in robes of purest snowy white,
And shrouded in a veil of rosy hue,
Thou, dazzling Beauty, com'st to bless the sight,
And fill the soul with thoughts both sweet and true.
'Tis thou that dost heal the wounds that time shall bring,
Defy his power, and clip his ceaseless wing.

Thou shalt not from my brow the herald gray,
That death sends on his swift approach to note;
With joyful heart I hail the coming day,
When whitening clusters round my head shall float.
Could I within thy courts for ever dwell,
I would not grieve at bidding youth farewell.

For oh! 'tis not thy form of airy grace,
Nor yet thy cheek, nor brow, nor lustrous eye,
Which I thus thy high perfection trace,
Whose power can raise the mortal to the sky.
'Tis in the mind, which all thy charms enshrine,
That I see gem—this beauty all divine.

AGRICULTURE.

SAVE THE BEST SEEDS.—The season has arrived when some of the seeds are ripe, and a little care is necessary in their preservation, not only to secure them from waste, but to preserve only the best for future sowing. Farmers never think of raising a puny, badly formed calf, pig or lamb, to be kept as a breeder, but make all animals pass the scrutiny of a severe judgment before they decide to propagate from them. The preservation of early, large and perfect seeds for continuing crops, is no less important than that of retaining the most thrifty and best formed animals.

A gentleman in Maryland gathered the earliest and largest heads of wheat from a field and sowed them, gathering the best and earliest of their produce and sowing again, and continued the process three or four years. In a recent visit to that State, we collected some heads, which are now hanging by us, and measure, beard and all, ten inches in length; the grain heads being five inches.

A gentleman in Essex county went through a similar process with onion seed, until seed of his raising readily sold for \$4 a pound, while common seed was selling at fifty cents. The great improvement in the crop from these seeds justified the cultivator in paying this great price.

In our farm stock there are always some who grow up rapidly and strong, taking the lead in health and vigor from the first. It is so with plants. A proper consideration has not been given to this fact.

CHARCOAL AND SALT FOR SHEEP.—A contributor to the North Western Cultivator writes:—"It is generally conceded that wet pastures are unfavorable to the health of sheep. I have kept a flock for four years in a pasture of this description—for the first two years with unfavorable results. My sheep were unhealthy, and many of them died. I ascribed it to the wetness of my pasture. Upon the recommendation of an old farmer, I gave the sheep charcoal mixed with salt. My sheep presented a more healthy appearance. I have continued the treatment, and they have continued to thrive. I suppose the medicinal qualities of this mixture consist in the disinfesting qualities of the charcoal." And in the invaluable tonic and alterative properties of the salt, we may add; for, like many other remedial agents, this article, when given in small doses, augments the digestive functions. In larger doses it is cathartic.

BOT FLIES.—Bot flies, which are so tormenting to horses in the fall of the year, may easily be prevented from stinging them under the jaw, by placing a "bib" there, hung on the throat-ring, and tied at the lower corners to the straps at the bit of the bridle.

SELECTED TALES.

THE ORDEAL; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

BY A LADY OF MARYLAND.

"I shall certainly never forgive him; on that I am determined," said Mrs. Walsingham, as she folded up a letter she had just received from her only son.

"Of course not, my dear friend," said her companion, (a young lady of demure aspect, and of that age which Byron has pronounced to be of all ages, most uncertain,) "a due regard to your own character for consistency, and your duty to society, alike demand that you should not suffer so flagrant an instance of disobedience to pass unpunished."

"And yet, Rebecca, he is my only child, and it is hard to resolve never to see him again."

"It may be hard, but it is nevertheless your duty; and I am sure you will not shrink from performing it. Filial disobedience is a crime of the darkest dye, and one which should be frowned upon by all respectable people."

"But in Henry's case, there are so many extenuating circumstances; you know this match was planned by his poor dear father, and that although I had never seen the young lady, I did not oppose it till I became acquainted with you, my love, and felt how much it would add to my happiness to have you become my daughter."

"And to increase your happiness, I would have overcome my repugnance to marriage, though Heaven knows the sacrifice would have been a most painful one."

"I appreciate your affection, my dear Rebecca, and it makes my son's conduct, in refusing to give up a childish engagement for my sake, appear the more inexcusable. No, I am determined I will never see either him or the foolish girl he has made his wife," said Mrs. Walsingham, without another glance, consigned to the flames the letter which had given rise to the above conversation.

Henry Walsingham was the only son of a wealthy and distinguished family, and of considerable talent. Mr. Walsingham had been bred to the bar, but having married a wealthy Southern heiress, he had abandoned his profession, and retired to a beautiful estate he possessed in the neighborhood of Richmond. It was, however, the first wish of his heart that his only son should become a distinguished lawyer, and accordingly, after completing his collegiate studies, Henry had been placed with a professional gentleman—an early friend of his father. Mr. Longford was a widower, with an only daughter, whose beauty and amiability soon attracted the regards of her father's pupil. An uninterrupted intercourse of several years, produced a strong mutual attachment, which was encouraged by both fathers—and a day was already appointed for the marriage of the young couple, when their happiness was interrupted by the sudden death of Mr. Walsingham.

Henry arrived at home only in time to receive his father's last blessing; and his marriage being of course postponed, he accompanied his mother on a visit to her relatives in Charleston. Here he left her, and returned to his professional pursuits, and to the society of his affianced bride.

When Mrs. Walsingham, after an absence of several months, returned to her home, she was accompanied by a young lady, a distant relative who had contrived to render herself so useful and agreeable, that the lonely widow found it impossible to part with her. Weak and vain, Mrs. Walsingham was an easy dupe to any one who would be at the pains to flatter her, and Rebecca Thornton soon acquired an unlimited influence over her mind. This influence she endeavored to turn to the most profitable account; and not satisfied with securing to herself a comfortable home with her relative, she aspired to become the wife of her son. With this view, she redoubled her attentions, and while she seemed to desire only the happiness of her friend, she led her, by imperceptible degrees, to the very point she wished.

It became the earnest desire of Mrs. Walsingham to break off the projected marriage of her son, and to promote his union with her protégée. This, however, she found it impossible to accomplish. The idea of marrying a woman fully ten years his senior, seemed to Henry so absurd that at first, he could not believe his mother was serious in proposing it. When at last, convinced that she was in earnest, he firmly, but respectfully, refused to comply with her wishes with regard to Mrs. Thornton, or even to break his engagement with Rose Longford.

Aware of the weakness of his mother's character, and attributing her present conduct to what he trusted would be the short lived influence of her companion, Henry did not apprise either Mr. Longford or Rose of Mrs. Walsingham's wishes, and his marriage with the latter took place within a year after the death of his father.

Soon after this event, he wrote to his mother offering her a visit, and begging that she would not attribute his conduct to any want of respect or affection for herself. This letter would have softened his parent's heart had it not been for the baneful influence of Miss Thornton; who, in addition to the mercenary and selfish motives which had originally prompted her conduct, was now animated by a malignant desire to be revenged on him who had scorned her alliance. By this time, she had acquired such an ascendancy over the weak mind of Mrs. Walsingham, that the latter was actually afraid to act without consulting her wishes, and obtaining her approval. Henry was accordingly forbidden to enter his paternal mansion, and the mother and son ceased to have the slightest intercourse with each other.

In a lofty bed-chamber, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and luxury, lay Mrs. Walsingham, attended only by a female slave, and apparently suffering severe illness. A slight noise was heard at the door, and the physician entered the apartment. He advanced to the bed-side, felt the pulse of the patient, and after conversing for a short time in a low voice, with the attendant, he left the room, and descended to the parlour. Here he found Miss Thornton, whose pale and agitated countenance indicated the anxiety of her mind.

"Well, Doctor," she said, "how do you find my poor friend?"

"Very ill, ma'am; and unless she be better cared for, and my directions more strictly observed, I cannot answer for the result."

"But, doctor, you do not think her disease contagious, do you?"

"I fear it is, ma'am."

Miss Thornton's pale cheek assumed a still more livid hue, and her voice trembled as she requested the physician to assist her in procuring a conveyance to the neighboring town. The doctor fixed on her a look of surprise, not unmixed with horror as he replied:

"Why, ma'am, you surely would not tion to the care of menials?"

"Ah, my dear sir, self-preservation you know, is our first duty. Besides, I have other friends, and I owe it to them to take care of my health."

"I thought, madam, I had heard you say to Mrs. Walsingham that you had no friend in the world but her. However, I have no right to interfere with your arrangements, except so far as I deem it my duty to tell you that the life of my patient depends on the strict observance of my directions," and the doctor quitted the room, leaving Miss Thornton to manage her departure from the infected mansion, as she best could.

Dr. Bland was sitting alone in his office, on the evening of the day he had visited Mrs. Walsingham, meditating her situation and endeavouring to devise some means of procuring that attendance which he knew to be necessary, for the preservation of her life. He was an old friend of the Walsingham family, and his feelings were much interested in behalf of the desolate woman; who, in the midst of affluence, was left without a friend to minister to her necessities. It was impossible to procure a nurse; for the fever by which Mrs. Walsingham had been attacked, had spread through the neighbourhood, and created universal consternation.

The good physician was ruminating over all these discouraging circumstances, when the sound of carriage wheels arrested his attention. They stopped at his own door and he hastened to receive his visitors.—These consisted of a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom was apparently well known to the worthy doctor, for he shook him heartily by the hand. After half an hour of private conversation, the gentleman departed, leaving his female companion under the charge of Dr. Bland.

When the worthy physician paid his final visit for that day at Walsingham grove, he was accompanied by a young female, whom he introduced to the domestics as a nurse who had come to take care of their mistress. He found Mrs. Walsingham much worse, indeed in a state which forbade the indulgence of hope. Having, however, established the new nurse by the bedside of his patient, and given particular directions respecting her treatment, the doctor returned to his other patients, satisfied that, let matters result as they might, his duty had been performed.

The night was dark and stormy, and the little light which was admitted into the sick chamber, served only to make its gloom apparent. The patient tossed restlessly to and fro, and it was with difficulty that the young nurse could administer the restoratives which had been prescribed.

Her soothing voice, however, seemed to have some influence with the sick woman, and towards morning her restlessness abated, and she sunk into a perturbed slumber, from which she did not awake till the doctor came to pay his morning visit. He found

her symptoms rather better than on the preceding evening, but she was still extremely ill, and entirely bereft of reason. For more than a week she continued in this state, and during this time her devoted nurse hardly left her bedside, and all the sleep she obtained was taken in a large chair, which had been placed in the room for her accommodation. On the evening of the seventh day, the fever subsided, and Mrs. Walsingham awoke from a long sleep, weak and exhausted indeed, but perfectly free from delirium.

"Rebecca," she said, in a feeble voice, "are you here? Why is this?" she added as the sweet, low tone of her new attendant replied to her question.

"I am your nurse, and for the present you must submit to my attendance."

"But where is Rebecca? she must be ill, or she would be here."

"She is not ill, and you will see her when you are better; but, dear madam, I must not let you exhaust yourself by talking," and the feeble invalid, wearied even by the slight exertion she had already made, passively submitted to remain silent and soon sunk again into a refreshing slumber. When she again awoke, it was very evident that a favourable change had taken place, and the doctor, who called soon after, pronounced that a few more days of careful nursing would place her out of danger. Her recovery, however, though certain, was very slow, and weeks elapsed before she was able to leave her bed. During all this time, the attention of her nurse was unremitting, and the invalid grew so accustomed to her sweet voice, and tender ministrations, that she could not bear her out of her sight. She still continued to inquire for Miss Thornton, but the doctor, who was desirous of sparing her any agitation, continued to evade her questions.

"At length she was able to sit up, and, supported by the arm of her young nurse, to reach the sofa of the dressing room, which adjoined her apartment.

"It is very strange," she said, as she sat there one day, "that I do not see Rebecca. She must be ill, and you conceal it from me."

"No, my dear madam," said Dr. Bland, to whom this observation was addressed, "she is not ill, but she has left the neighbourhood."

"Left the neighbourhood, and whilst I was ill; impossible! You are deceiving me, doctor. My poor friend has fallen a victim to her attachment to me."

"I am not deceiving you, madam," answered the physician, bluntly. Miss Thornton left the house as soon as she learned that your disease was contagious. It is to this lady alone," he added taking the hand of the fair young nurse, "that you are indebted, under God, for your recovery."

"To this lady!" echoed Mrs. Walsingham, in astonishment, "and who is she, and how shall I requite her?"

"By loving me, my dear madam; by giving me a place in your affections."

"That you already have, my young friend; I feel for you all the affection of a mother, and you will stay with me and be to me a daughter."

"Oh, how gladly would I do so, but I cannot leave my husband and my child!"

"Have you a husband and child, and left them both to come to me, to incur the risk of disease and death? What is the meaning of this—who are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham, looking wildly into the face of her attendant.

"I am the wife of your son," answered Rose sinking on her knees, "will you not forgive me? will you not restore my husband to his place in his mother's heart?"

Unable to speak, Mrs. Walsingham could only motion her daughter-in-law to rise, and clasping her closely to her breast, she sobbed out, "My daughter, my beloved child." A burst of tears relieved her oppressed heart, and she was soon able to listen to the explanation which the doctor, whose benevolent spirit rejoiced at this scene, was ready to give.

"But why has not Henry been here?" said Mrs. Walsingham, as the doctor concluded; "surely he has not ceased to regard his mother, little as she may have deserved his affection."

"Oh, no," answered Rose, "do not wrong him by such a suspicion; but our child demanded his care. We could not incur the risk of leaving him an orphan, and before I left my husband I obtained from him a promise that he would not venture within the reach of contagion, but would remain to watch over and protect our boy. I promised him," she added, "that I would win him back his mother's heart."

"And you shall keep your promise, my sweet child; at least you shall give him as much of it as you choose to part with, for I have given it entirely up to you," said Mrs. Walsingham, as she embraced her new-found daughter.

In a few days, Dr. Bland's permission being obtained, Mrs. Walsingham accompanied her daughter on her return home, and from that time she resided with her children, finding in their society and in that of her lovely grandchild, as much of happiness as in this sublunary state it is permitted us to enjoy. Rebecca Thornton returned to the obscurity from which she had been raised by her benefactress, mortified by the failure of her ambitious schemes, and by being compelled to return to her former associates, in the state of single-blessedness from which she so ardently desired to emerge. She made one effort to regain her place in the esteem of her former patroness, by writing her a long letter, in which she attributed her having left her during her illness, entirely to a conviction that it was her duty to preserve her own health, though in doing so she had done the utmost violence to her feelings, which would have impelled her to remain to watch over her beloved friend. Rendered wise by suffering, Mrs. Walsingham was not to be imposed on by this shallow sophistry, but in replying to Miss Thornton's letter, after complimenting her on the ease with which she sacrificed feelings which most persons found it difficult to control, informed her that for the future her own views of duty would induce her to bestow her affection upon her children, and that, happily in this case, her feelings and sense of propriety were not in conflict.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE is a world of beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds, you may be shot through, by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamed of, till the mischief is done. In towns and theatres, and through assemblies of the titled fair, you are on your guard, you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast plate, and pass through the most terrible onslaught of beauty, safe and sound.—But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the loving of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, and—wonder and admiration! You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Dryads to earth, when up comes John Tomkins, and says:—"It's only the farmer's daughter."

These farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another name for a very tender heart, flatter himself with the fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and a jug of brown October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family of his sermons and his pig, over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or wrapped in the delicious luxuries of young custards and whipped creams. In walks, a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a courtesy and a smile of winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter, a living creature of eighteen; fair as the lily, sweet as a poesy of violets and clove gilliverts, modest as early morn, and nimble as your own imagination of Desdemona, or Gertrude of Wyoming. You're lost. It's all over with you. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm-houses to be the nice old-fashioned places of old-established contentment.

Valuable Properties of the Sun-flower.

The value of this plant, which is easily cultivated, and is ornamental to the garden is scarcely known in most parts of the kingdom. The seed forms a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plant when ripe, tie them up in bunches, and hang them in a dry situation, to be used when wanted. They not only rapidly fatten every kind of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.—When cultivated to a considerable extent, they are also capital food for sheep and pigs, and for pheasants. The leaves, when dried, form a good fodder for cattle—the dry stalks burn well, and afford abundant alkali—and when in bloom, the flower is most attractive to bees. The properties of this ornamental flower render it peculiarly valuable in a cottager's garden.

ANECDOTES.

"Does pa kiss you because he loves you?" asked a hopeful little boy of three years of his mama. "Yes, my dear boy." "Well then he loves Martha, too; for I seen him kissing and hugging her more nor a hundred times, when you was gone to meeting, last Sunday."

"Why did Adam bite the apple? said a school-master to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What Farmers are doing this Month.

TWO farmers are cleaning up their wheat. The day is clear and cool, with a good breeze drawing through the open barn-doors. Joe turns the crank, while Newton and Milton, with scoop shovels, feed the fan from the great "cave," that has occupied one side of the floor ever since the threshers left it. The plump and solid grain rolls down to the windward, every bushel of it worth nine York shillings, while clouds of chaff move off to the yard. The few shrunken kernels and the unshelled heads are put away in barrels, to be fed out in the place of oats or corn to the horses and cattle. The latter will find a softer and dryer bed than usual to-night, in the chaff. The fowls, with distended crops, march around lazily, too highly fed to lay well for a week, or burying themselves half up, doze in the hot sunshine.—Before night all the wheat is deposited in the granary, where no weevil was ever yet seen, except a couple of bushels, which are wheeled over to the old red wind-mill, the ladies being impatient to test the quality of the flour at the next week's baking.

The horses that have in turns been whipping the flies from their sides, nipping the new grass under the fences, and chasing each other at full speed around the "pickle," are harnessed to the waggon that has the "shelves" on, and driven "down lots," to the side of the corn field, where the boys pitch on and load the heaps of weeds they have pulled at odd spells.—For these latter rains, which come after it is too late to use the plow in either the corn or the potato fields, give a wonderful start to the pig-weeds. The good farmer, when they get beyond the control of the hoe, sends the boys to march up and down the long rows, gathering in their arms the stoutest weeds, before they have time to mature their seeds, and taring them to the outer fence. At a leisure hour, these heaps are loaded and borne to the pig-pen, where the lazy occupants grunt out their thanks, while the boys—The boys are not indisposed to pull weeds, although it is quite tiresome work; for it affords excellent opportunities to discover the best of the melon patches. Seating themselves on the large hard-shelled pumpkins, under the shadow of the rustling corn, where the vines of the citron, musk and water melons intertwine and hide the mellow soil, they test them by squeezing, and snapping, and plugging, and stuff of the ripest, till they can contain no more. Yes, pulling weeds is a very gratifying employment, providing when you dropped corn in the spring, you were careful to mix in plentifully the melon seeds with the corn.

But the ladies have their out-door work to relieve their monotonous round of sweeping and baking, cooking, ironing and washing. Pressing Billy into their service, with a light ladder, sundry bags or baskets, and three or four crumb-cloths, they go down in a body to the wild cherry trees.—They spread the cloths under the tree, so that none can be lost upon the ground, and Billy, placing the ladder, mounts to the branches, and shaking one after another rattles down thick showers of the jolly cherries. These are not deemed a useful fruit, inasmuch as they seldom enter into the composition of pies, and are never preserved as sweetmeats. They are simple luxuries. Billy saves a bottle in molasses for his own private use; and Joe, who don't belong to the Temperance society, puts up a bottle in rum, in spite of many protests from the females and all the males who have "signed." But the greater part are dried on boards on the woodpile, or from shelves suspended from the garret window. When Billy is away from home, attending the Academy, next winter, some day a man from his place, when passing through the village, will stop and leave a package from his dear mother. And on opening it with eager hands, he will find besides the pair of nice, blue stockings, and the plum-cake, and the rolls of molasses candy so carefully surrounded with paper from his old copy-book; and the Newtown pippins, so big, and mellow, and fragrant; and the strip of flannel to wrap around his neck, because he has written home that his throat is sore; and the letter, of which every line is worth as much as a bill of exchange, with the staggering monosyllables of his little sister's first essay at a postscript—besides all these, he will find a precious bag of dried wild cherries. He will slip a handful of them into his pocket, before going to school, every morning; and when called on to recite his Virgil, it would be strange if he does not roll half a dozen of the dainty things into his cheek, and even swallow the pits, if the master is very severe!

Brave times, these, in the country! The farm work is light, the harvests are being turned into cash; and the fruits are ripening profusely in the woods, along the highways, and in the orchards and gardens.

Tragic Story of a Barber.

Barbers have been faithful and devoted men. At Cambridge, a few years ago, the remains of a poor razor-stropper were seen floating down the river, and many persons knew that he died of a broken heart. For seven long years he had paid morning and evening pilgrimages to his mistress's window; in crowded cities he had thought of her, in deserts he had thought of her, and distant visions of happiness sometimes occupied his mind. At the opposite side of the street in which his shop was situated, lived a stout gunsmith, who was one of the little barber's enemies, for, in this strange world of ours, even barbers have enemies. The gunsmith knew of his attachment, and determined to become his rival. On a beautiful Sunday morning, the barber, as usual, put on his best clothes, combed his hair in the newest fashion, and, in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and white trousers, entered the house of prayer.—Before the sermon commenced, the bans of marriage are published, and Henry Smith, the good barber, always took great pleasure in listening to these words. That day, however, the tidings which reached his ears were not at all what he expected.—The venerable gentleman said in a loud voice, much louder than usual, the barber thought—"I publish the bans of marriage between Robert Booth, bachelor, and Anne Watkins." Henry Smith's face became very red, and he imagined all the people in the church were looking at him, as the marriage of the gunsmith with his own Anne Watkins was announced. The gunsmith had triumphed, and surely it was not surprising. How could the razor be victorious over the gun? If the barber had still practised surgery, drawn teeth, and opened veins, he might have had a better chance of success. But the glories of the barber's pole had departed; it was now only a piece of wood—it was a glorious symbol no longer. Henry Smith, after that Sunday morning, never again entered a church. His face became paler, his eyes were shrunken, his clothes too large at him with their fingers as he went along the streets, and they knew that his hours were numbered. His body was taken out of the river, and buried in a Christian's grave. His rabbits and Canary birds were sold to strangers. The barber has gone on his unknown way, and has been heard of no more. Poor razor-stropper! The fame of Sappho was not more deserved than thine, and, therefore, I have done my best to make thy memory immortal.

Englishman's Magazine.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

The New York Times, alluding to this subject says that Ben Johnson married at twenty-one; Walter at twenty-two; Burns and Jonathan Edwards at twenty-three; Mozart at twenty-five; Dante, Kepler, Euler, Samuel Johnson, Walter Scott, and Edmund Burk—strong names these—married at twenty-six; Tycho Brahe, Napoleon Bonaparte, and George Washington, married at twenty-seven; William Penn at twenty-eight; Linnaeus and Benjamin West at twenty-nine; Chaucer, Littleton and Hogarth, at thirty-two; Wordsworth at thirty-three; Milton at thirty-four; Sir William Jones at thirty-seven; Wilberforce at thirty-eight; Benedict Arnold at forty; William Masson at forty-two; Robert Fulton, after achieving his great reputation, at about forty-three; Addison at forty-four; Young at forty-seven; Swift, privately to Stella, at forty-nine; and Buffon at fifty-five.

DOMESTIC DEFINITIONS.

Home—The place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves.
Wife—The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off.
Baby—A thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new hat.
Dinner—The meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at twelve or half-past three.
Washing-Day—The time when a woman can throw a broom at a thievish dog, or say, "I won't," without being thought cross.

Trousers—The disputed territory.

Punch.

Conundrum for Subscribers.

Advice.	Result.
I	P
F	U
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W	P
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BY THE MAIL.

MURDER AT NATICK.—A murder of a most shocking character was committed on Friday night, in South Natick, about two miles from the railroad depot. The Boston Traveller says:

At about six, Saturday morning, the nearest neighbors, named Hall, while at breakfast, were alarmed by the appearance of two of the children of Mr. Overy Taylor, a shoemaker by trade, in their night clothes, who stated that their father and mother were both killed; they appeared dreadfully agitated, and refused to go back to the house with Mr. Hall; the two brothers Hall then went to the house, and found Mr. Taylor lying in the shop, with fearful wounds on his head, dead, and the floor covered with blood; pursuing their investigations in search of Mrs. Taylor, they found her in the bedroom, adjoining Mr. Taylor's shop, that the post of the bedstead, next to the door of the shop, was nearly split in two, as if from the blow of an axe; passing through the room, they came to the front room, where they found Mrs. Taylor sitting on the floor, with her head in a rocking chair, she had received a terrible blow in the front part of the head, which penetrated the brain. The room was covered with blood, in some places in large quantities; there was blood also spattered about on the walls, and also upon the walls of the entry, and on the inside of the front door, as if the unfortunate woman had attempted to open it to give the alarm, but failed. The door leading from the front door was wide open, and the front door was open an inch or two, though this latter door may have been opened by the children.

A neighbor stating that he had heard high words between Taylor and a young man named Thos. Casey, in his employ, the night previous, search was immediately made for him, and he was arrested on the South Framingham road. He surrendered himself into custody without resistance.

The supposition is, that Mr. Taylor was struck at the bench by the murderer's blows with an axe; that his wife, who was abed in the adjoining room, a door from which fronts the door to the shop, was aroused by the outcries of her husband, and came out at the door, when the murderer, finding that she had witnessed the murder of her husband, made a blow at her with the axe. The first blow struck the bed post as it is nearly severed; the second blow must have sunk deep into the head of the unfortunate woman. It is then supposed the murderer went back and gave Mr. Taylor several additional blows with the axe, as there are no less than five wounds on his head.

The jury of inquest returned a verdict to the effect that Overy Taylor came to his death on the 17th inst. by blows from an axe, inflicted upon his head by the hands of Thomas Casey.

Mrs. Taylor died on Monday afternoon, about 4 o'clock.

A STIMULANT TO MENTAL EXERTION.—Alfred, before he wrote prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after."—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The music of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue, or Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to accustom his mind to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the Court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running volubly over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

D'Israeli on the Literary Charter.

WRECKS ON THE FLORIDA COAST.—We are indebted to Chas. Grinnell, Esq., for a statement of vessels wrecked, and assisted by the "Key West Wreckers," from 1844 to 1851, inclusive. The statement has been carefully prepared from reliable records, by E. J. Gomez, Spanish Vice Consul, and agent for Insurance Companies of Spain and Cuba. The whole number of wrecks from 1844 to 1851, is 279; on which salvage has been awarded amounting to \$789,911; together with \$531,766 expenses. The value of vessels and cargoes is stated at \$7,918,217. The whole number of vessels wrecked on the Florida coast and reefs since that island was first inhabited, in 1823, is estimated to exceed 1200, and the value of vessels and cargoes \$40,000,000. During the year 1851, there were 34 wrecks, vessels and cargoes valued at \$941,500; and salvage and expenses amounting to \$165,085.

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—By the Government emigration returns it appears that 61 ships, having on board 21,907 emigrants, bound for America and Australia, sailed from Liverpool during the month of August. The number sent out in the previous month was 21,385, so that in the last month there has been an increase 522 emigrants. The number in the corresponding month of last year was 16,714; and of the year previously (1850,) 14,296. Those destined for America were chiefly Irish and Germans, the former preponderating; while Scotch formed the majority of those making their way to the Australian sheep pastures or gold-diggings, to whichever pursuit their inclinations may lead them when they land upon terra firma.

WINDFALL TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—A gentleman of the name of Neale, who had been living for many years in the vicinity of Ashford, in Kent, died lately at the advanced age of 70. He was of very eccentric habits, and, upon the perusal of his will, it appeared that he had only given two legacies of £100 each to two gentlemen whom he had appointed executors, and left the whole of the remainder of his property estimated by some at £200,000, and by others at £1,000,000 to the Queen.

ORSON PRATT, one of the Mormon prophets, has put forth a proclamation to the Spanish Americans in California and elsewhere, inviting them to look into the mysteries of the new revelation, and assuring them that they are the descendants of the original Mormons, Nephi and Laman, two brothers who emigrated from Jerusalem two thousand four hundred years ago, and settled upon the American continent.

CINNAMON TREE.—There are many cinnamon plantations in the vicinity of Colombo. The cinnamon trees or shrubs are planted in rows; their height does not at the utmost exceed nine feet; the blossoms are white and scentless. From the fruit, which is smaller than an acorn, oil is obtained. When the fruit is crushed and boiled the oil swims at the top; it is used for lighting, mingled with cocoanut oil. The cinnamon harvest takes place twice in the year, the first, called the great harvest, from April to July; the second, the little harvest, from November till January. The bark is peeled off the slender branches with a knife, and dried in the hottest sun, by which process it acquires a yellowish brown color, and about the thickness of a card board. The fine cinnamon oil used in medicine is obtained from the cinnamon itself; it is shaken in a vessel full of water, in which it is steeped for eight or ten days, the whole is then thrown into a still, and distilled over a slow fire. On the surface of the water thus obtained, the oil, after a short time, collects, and is removed with the greatest care.

LEAD MINING IN SOUTHAMPTON.—We have already noticed the renewal of mining operations in the Southampton lead mines. These mines were worked, somewhat extensively, as early as the year 1764, by Sampson Simpson, of New York, General Ethan Allen, and Charles Scott of Virginia. They, and their successors in the mining operations, met with a good degree of success. These mines have occupied a conspicuous position in the geological reports of the State, and in the descriptions of scientific travellers. Within our memory they were resorted to as a curiosity, there being an artificial cavern—the result of mining operations—1,000 feet in length, and navigable for skiffs the entire distance. This old affair is now being re-opened for the purpose of further pursuing operations, and we learn that the company engaged in the enterprise is one of large means and a high character. The mines are to be worked with a strong force during the coming winter. —*Springfield Repub.*

BLOWING UP AN ALLIGATOR.—The way an officer in the British army of India killed an alligator is curious, and may have suggested the voltaic battery in the capture of a whale. The alligator had established himself close to a ford, to the disgust and terror of the neighboring population. The officer sewed up six pounds of gunpowder in the stomach of a nice fresh kid, with which he went trolling for the creature, as a fisherman would for pike. Having bolted it greedily, the brute sunk to the bottom to enjoy its digestion at leisure. His scientific enemy then applied a voltaic battery to the copper wire running through his fishing line, and there was a violent tumultuous boiling of the water, large torn pieces floating hither and thither in the eddy. The alligator's life and his dinner were finished together.

SIPPINGS FROM PUNCH.—Punch thinks John Bull had better not quarrel with his corn merchant, Brother Johnathan, just for the sake of a few fish. A very good picture in the present number gives the Inn bedroom of an enthusiastic tourist. The time is two in the morning—the servant enters with a light.

Domestic.—Please, sir, the guide says: "Enthusiastic Tourist." "Oh! ah yes!" You will tell the guide that I have been thinking the sunset will be much better worth seeing; so I shall not want him just yet."

THOMAS BOSWORTH, the English printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has written to the authoress of that work, saying—

"I do not think it right to avail myself of the present defective state of the copyright laws, and to reprint the works of an author, though belonging to another country, (which in my opinion does not alter the principle of the thing at all,) without making him or her a fair remuneration. I beg, therefore, to offer you a 'royalty' of three pence on every copy sold, which I shall have much pleasure in transmitting to you in any way you may request."

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.—Louis Napoleon is about to make a tour through the chief towns in the south of France. On leaving Marseilles he will embark on board the Napoleon, join the Mediterranean squadron now under orders to sail from Naples, and make his entry into the port of Toulon, surrounded by the entire squadron. The whole journey will have a military character. It has been decided in a council of ministers that the Prince shall be accompanied by his whole military household.

INSTINCT OF A TURTLE.—It has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of 450 miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill; for it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather, have steered entirely by the nose of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as of the migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying eggs on a spot peculiarly favorable.

EVET IN THE STOMACH.—Mrs. Herschell C. Benson, of Palmer, ejected from her stomach, on Friday evening, the 27th ult., a live red Eel, nearly 3 inches in length. It is supposed she had carried the animal in her stomach about 3 years, she having during that time suffered much distress in the stomach, with occasional spasms and a peculiar appetite.

A NEW "ALIAS."—Last week two boys were caught in the act of stealing fruit in an orchard in Hubbardston, Mass. When brought to trial one of the boys gave his name as Jonas Lovering, and the other claimed the expressive title *Hook'em-all*, and by these names they were tried, convicted and fined.

TREATY WITH THE SWISS REPUBLIC.—A letter from Switzerland states that Mr. Dudley Mann, American Diplomatic Agent at Berne, has concluded a treaty in behalf of the United States, with the Government of Switzerland, and is now on his way home.

A writer in the New York Tribune estimates that tea could be produced in the United States, at from 5 1-2 to 7 1-2 cents per lb.

DURING the last eight months, 470,360 loads of rubbish have been removed from the streets of New York.

A FAIR HIT.—The London Punch comments as follows upon the habit of detraction so prevalent in the United States during political contests, and which leads the partisans of one candidate to heap denunciation and abuse on the other:

"As usual, the Americans have nominated two of their worst men for the Presidency. It occasionally happens that some of the model republicans appear to rise high above the level of ordinary humanity, and are weakly supposed by their admirers to have attained some eminence in the field or the forum, but let them only be named as candidates for some high office and all the world immediately discover, that they are the meanest and most despicable of men, the very smallest of earth's reptiles."

It is a drawn game at present between the two parties as to which shall abuse the opposite candidate take heed to their steps; for a magnifying glass, to which Lord Rosse's telescope is a trifle, will be applied to their peccadilloes the moment they become candidates for the Presidency. They should especially avoid taking "hasty plates of soup," and falling from their horses. —*Transcript.*

HOW TO EAT GRAPES.—Few people know how to eat grapes. Some swallow pulp, seeds and skin; others swallow only the pulp, ejecting both the seeds and skin. In a conversation with Dr. Underhill on this subject, he advised to observe the following rules, viz: When in good health, swallow only the pulp; when the bowels are costive, and you wish to relax them, swallow the seeds; when you wish to check a too relaxed state of the bowels, swallow the pulp with the seeds, ejecting the seeds. Thus may the grape be used as a medicine, while at the same time it serves as a laxative unsurpassed by any other cultivated fruit. An adult may eat from three to four pounds per day with benefit. It is well to take them with, or immediately after, your regular meals.

A TRAVELLER.—Mr. William Munsey, of this town, who has driven a baker's cart for many years has probably travelled as many miles as most any one in this neighborhood. He has been around the Cape two thousand three hundred times; been to Manchester over fifteen hundred times, and to Essex over seven hundred times, making altogether over seventy thousand miles. He has driven one horse thirty-five hundred miles, and the horse continues to perform duty in good shape. Mr. Munsey has also retailed over \$75,000 worth of bread, being a little over one dollar per mile. —*Notwithstanding all this riding, Mr. M. is as well and hearty as ever, and is as likely to ride around the Cape as many times as he has already.*

Gloucester Telegraph.

REAPING MACHINES.—At a trial of reaping machines which took place at Geneva, N. Y., last July, before a Committee of the State Agricultural Society, the first premium for mowing and the second for reaping, were awarded to Manny's Northern Illinois Mower and Reaper; the first prize for reaping was given to Burrall's Reaper; a third prize for reaping was given to Seamore & Morgan's New York Reaper. Twelve machines competed for the prizes, Hussey's and McCormick's among them. Manny's alone received a prize for both mowing and reaping.

COLLOIDION IN ERYSIPELAS.—Colloidion has been used successfully for arresting erysipelas by Dr. West. He had used the nitrate of silver first, on a lady, and having found that it did no good, he shaved her head and applied a thick coating of colloidion over it, and for an inch over the healthy surface. The burning ceased almost instantly, and the disease ceased to spread. He also applied it to a case of a child of eight years, and after three applications it recovered entirely.

TO PRESERVE GIRDLED TREES.—A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer says that girdled trees may be preserved by the following means: "Take out a block of wood extending into the bark above and below the girdle, and take from the body or limb of another tree a block corresponding in size and shape, with the bark on, and adjust it in the place, and bind it there, on the principle of engraving." This plan, it is said, has proved completely successful.

ALARMING STATE OF THINGS.—An Oregon correspondent of the Com. Adv. in speaking of the famous Oregon Land Law, which gives a mile square of land to every actual settler married before a certain date—says that it set the whole country astir and everybody got married that could. The scarcity of marriageable females, however, was such that in some instances girls of 14, 13, 12, and even 11 years of age, were married, in order to secure the land perquisites!

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—Mr. M. B. Osborn, a bank agent from Illinois, was a passenger on board the steamer Henry Clay, when she was burned on the Hudson; and on his return home was a passenger on board the ill-fated Atlantic, when the collision took place on Lake Erie, and was mercifully preserved from injury in both instances.

A GENTLEMAN, of Amherst county lately deceased, has left \$6,000 for the settlement of his negroes in a free State. The heirs of the gentleman being willing that the slaves should be sent to Liberia, application is to be made at the next Supreme Court, to Judge Thompson to this effect:—*Wheeling Fa. Journal.*

MARSHAL HAYNAU, the Austrian butcher of the Hungarian war, arrived in Paris August 25th, after several narrow escapes in Belgium. He was grossly insulted at Brussels and Bruges. It is not probable that he will be the object of any manifestation in Paris, however.

THE CHOLERA was still raging at Havana last month. There were 800 cases and 500 deaths from that disease. In the present month, up to the 11th, there had been 800 cases, and about half that number of deaths.

AT a late meeting of the British Archaeological Association, a paper was read on the character of Robin Hood, in which it was maintained that he was a mystical personage.

A PHILADELPHIA Corset-maker advertises a new corset that "will reduce the waist about three inches more than the usual corset!"

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.—A dangerous counterfeit has recently made its appearance, purporting to be ten's and twenties of the Hamilton Bank, Boston. They are supposed to be printed upon the plates of the Hamilton Bank in Scituate, R. I., which is now worthless. The impressions being taken from a genuine plate, the deception is likely to be the more complete. The telegraphic despatch to the evening papers state that a man was arrested on Wednesday evening in Niblo's Garden, in the act of passing one of these very counterfeit, and that several bills of the same description had been passed in other places in New York on the same evening. Counterfeit two dollar bills on the Bank of Burlington, Vt., are also in circulation. These bills are a fac-simile of the genuine, and present a good general appearance though the engraving is rather coarse.

AGRICULTURAL BLIGHT.—There appears to be a blight in Europe this year upon many of the products of the earth. The potato crop is looked upon in many countries as a failure—the vines of France have been cut down by frost, and the consequence is a great rise in the article of brandy; the vines of Madeira are suffering from a new disease, the crop is cut off, and that indispensable article to the epicure which proceeds from it is to be scarce and high, and we hear also that some plague has fallen upon the crop of olives, which has essentially raised the price of that table necessity, olive oil, which some knowing ones tell us is composed chiefly of Cincinnati brand, transported to the Mediterranean, and returned in the form of oil.

LETTER STAMPS AND ENVELOPES.—There was an amendment attached to the Post Route Bill before its final passage by Congress, which we have not before seen stated, and which will tend to remedy the evil occasioned by the slipping of stamps from letters. The Post Office Department is authorized by this amendment to cause envelopes to be made, with suitable water marks on the paper, identifying them as official, and with a printed stamp, for single or double postage, with a suitable device. These envelopes are to be sold at all the post offices, at the price of the stamps now sold—with the very small addition of the actual cost of the envelopes.

THE GREAT SECTIONAL DOCK AT BOSTON.—The workmen are very actively engaged in building the great sectional dry dock for the merchants and shipbuilders of this city. It is to be composed of not less than six different sections; so that one, two, three, or the whole may be used at once, according to the size of the vessel to be docked, examined or repaired. Each section will sustain five hundred tons, and all of them united, three thousand tons. The first section is finished, and will be launched in a few days; while the rest will be completed immediately after the others shall have been done.

Boston Journal.

NEW MEXICAN AND ROCKY MOUNTAIN INDIANS.—We understand that Mr. Schoolcraft has obtained a full vocabulary of the language of the Pueblo Indians, who recently visited this city from the Rio Grande in New Mexico. It is found to abound in monosyllables—a trait not common in its elementary forms, with our Western tribes. Vocabulary has also been obtained of the true Indians of these tribes.

STRAIGHT RACING.—We are sorry to find, is now as much in vogue on the Hudson, as if nothing had happened. The sudden destruction of eighty or ninety human beings is all forgotten, and matters still go on in the same way. We are led to these remarks by reading an account, given by a correspondent of the Herald, of what is termed an "interesting race between the Francis Skiddy, and the Alida, both crack boats on the North River."

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.—M. Maillefert made a successful attempt to reach the wreck of the Atlantic on Lake Erie, on the 20th inst. Job Green, the diver, descended below the deck of the Atlantic as far as the guards, being up of 144 feet below the surface. In consequence of the lightness of the steamer used, and the roughness of the water, nothing more was attempted, but a large steamer will be procured immediately in order to raise the wreck.

BANK ROBBERY.—The Mount Vernon Bank, of Foster, R. I., was entered some time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, and \$10,300 in bills of the Bank stolen. About \$7000 were of the denomination of \$50, and numbered mostly from 400 to 500; \$2,000 of which had never been put in circulation. The balance of the bills were mostly in \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100.

BIG MOSQUITO STORY.—In the new book called California Illustrated, there is a story of a poor fellow who lost a pint of blood by the mosquitoes on the Isthmus of Henry less than two hours! The writer says an ordinary Isthmus mosquito has, without exaggeration, a body full as large as a house fly, and that they bore holes into your veins so large as to leave them bleeding when they fly off.

GOOD FARMING.—Perry Smith, of Monroe county, writes to the Rochester Advertiser, that he has raised, this year, from 104 acres, 505 bushels of wheat, of which 8 acres went 50 bushels per acre—equal to 400 bushels. The other 24 acres went 40 bushels per acre. The wheat was what is called "Soule's Wheat."

THE NEW STEAMER PRINCETON, which was intended to accompany the "Japan Expedition" under Commodore Perry, has been pronounced a failure, and condemned as unfit for service.

BILLY BOWLES, and the remainder of the Indian delegation have gone home, the difficulties which brought them to Washington having been satisfactorily adjusted.

THE NEW YORK Mercantile Library Association give Mr. Webster five hundred dollars for a lecture at the opening of their course next winter.

"Box."—or Mr. Charles Dickens, has had to go to the Country Castle because he kicked up a rumpus, and lacked \$5 to pay for the privilege.

Yesterday morning at 6 o'clock the mercury was at 40° above zero—eight above freezing. —*Salem Register 18th.*

NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1852.

On Tuesday last the Fair and Cattle Show of the ASSOCIATED AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY came off on the farm of Nathaniel Wyatt, in Middletown. The day was clear and bright, the air pure and bracing, the spot selected was admirably adapted for such a display, and we hear the success of the enterprise acknowledged on every hand. For our own part we scarce know how to express our satisfaction at the result, or what limits to put to our remarks; for a certain scope we must assign ourselves, lest in zeal in behalf of the exhibitors we are led to greater lengths than our columns will admit. For two years we have aimed at an acquaintance with the Farmers of Rhode Island, their labors, improvements and advancements in agricultural and scientific knowledge, and have learned to hold them in high esteem; but until now have never been in a position to examine any collection of their products. On Tuesday we left the field with a still higher respect for them as skillful farmers, and the most successful breeders of stock, and now see nothing to oppose their contending successfully with any growers in New England. And when we reflect that the exhibition was an experiment, that the farmers did not all come forward, that some of the finest stock on the island was not brought out, and that the animals on the ground were taken from the work of the farm without previous training or extra care having been taken of them in anticipation of the display, we can look forward to another year confident of a splendid show and one that will attract visitors from abroad to inspect the samples of Rhode Island skill. The way is clear, the experiment has been tried and the committee have gained an amount of experience that will be of great value to them in arranging for their second annual exhibition, and if they are all equally sanguine with ourselves, they are not only elated at the result of their first effort, but must feel certain of an unequalled collection for eighteen hundred and fifty-three. But our purpose is to notice the recent display, and not to look forward to a year hence.

On reaching the scene the first spot we visited was the vestry of the Baptist Meeting House. It was crowded to its utmost capacity, and one had scarcely an opportunity of examining the objects displayed. There was a handsome display of Fruit—not many fancy varieties, but samples of good wholesome Rhode Island Apples, Peaches, Grapes, Melons and Plums. The more noted were Peaches by Judge Clarke; a variety of Apples, by Pardon Brown; Capenhurst Peas and Quinces, by William Peckham; Russetts, Ismail Barlow; Peas and Russetts, Wm. Bailey; Greenings and Quinces, R. Watson (Jamestown); Ladies Apples, Seedling do, and Nutmeg Melons, Wm. Vernon; Bartlett Pear, E. VanZandt; Pound Peas, Isaac Barker; Grapes, a variety of samples of well ripened Ismail; a branch of P. Sweetings, with full grown Fruit and Blossoms upon it, Benjamin Barker; Buffum Peas, by the same, and by Thos. B. Buffum; together with many others, fine specimens of successful cultivation. Of the Apples, the Cheesecrook Russetts, by H. F. Batty, were in our estimation the finest, and it would afford us much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a few of them for winter eating.

The show of Vegetables was not large, but the samples were entitled to attention. Tomatoes, by J. G. Coggeshall, fully ripe and of uniform size; Turnip Beets, by Judge Clarke, as handsome as any exhibited in Providence last week; Summer Bush Squashes, by Augustus Bush, very large; Crook-neck Squashes, very fine samples, by Zachariah Chase; Sweet Corn, Capt. Joseph Padlock, long and full ears of very perfect form; a mammoth Cucumbers, by Joseph Anthony; Sugar Peas, Potatoes, Onions, &c., exhibited by Cyrus Peckham, Thos. B. Buffum, Isaac Barker, Thos. B. Sherman and others.

We noticed samples of the former by Wm. B. Sisson, Catherine B. Gould, Isaac Barker, and Mrs. Wm. Allan; and of the latter by J. G. Coggeshall, W. A. Ward, and Geo. W. Carr, of Jamestown. A pot of Preserves, by Mrs. Wm. Allan, and a box of Honey, by Pardon Brown. Of the Fancy goods, there was a good collection, attesting the taste and industry of the ladies who contributed. We must pass over the greater part of these, making mention of only a few that came under our notice. Worsteds embroidery, by Mrs. Harriet Bailey, A. M. Smith, Miss Lawton, Mrs. O. C. Turner (beautiful work); Miss Mary S. Mumford, Miss Cotton, Miss Barker, Mrs. Borden Chase, Miss Emma Wright, and others. A Black Walnut Chair, sent by Thomas Goddard in his 87th year, and the seat worked by Miss Mary Ellery; Rug and Carpet, by Cynthia Chase; a pair of beautiful Blankets by Margaret P. Ward; a variety of Patchwork; an embroidered Table-cloth, Mrs. C. H. Barker; other Fancy Goods by Miss Ruth Duffer, Miss VanZandt (a net shawl containing 100,000 stitches) Miss Mary Taylor, (valentine pattern); Alice C. Chase, Mrs. A. Weaver (Miss Barker's) Rachel Anthony, A. G. Sherman, Eliza R. Hammett, Sarah Jane Potter—these with many others did much to form this department. A box of Toys by Geo. H. Anthony, a lad, of 14 years, was very creditable; the silk reel, made in an ounce vial exhibited by Judge Freeborn, was a curiosity; the stuffed Bird, by Charles Stephenson of Newport, very perfect and tastefully arranged; Sun Flowers, by J. S. Gardner, Monsters; a Cactus, Pardon Brown. The following we copied from the card which accompanied the pot: "This plant was sent from Fort Laramie, in a letter, and was in the mail a month and a half. When placed in the earth it began immediately to grow and has since flourished." Daguerotypes, J. Appleby Williams; Gold Fish (very large and perfect specimens) Geo. I. Bailey. There were many other articles of note, which we are forced to pass, that we may give due prominence to the show of stock.

Entering the field on the opposite side of the road, we passed down a long line of Cattle on the one hand, while on the other hand horizontal lines were formed for Milch Cows, Sheep, Horses, Pigs, and Poultry. The display of Cattle exceeded ten thousand dollars in value, and yet was not as extensive as could have been made; indeed it was the easiest matter in the world to bring together one hundred and fifty or two hundred yoke of oxen from the farms around. As it was, eighty pair were chained in a continuous line and paraded around the field—a finer sight of the kind we have never seen. A Cow and Calf, owned by E. VanZandt, were worthy of praise, also our Durham Cows, by J. Prescott Hall; 8 pair of Cattle, by Thos. B. Buffum, marked much alike—one pair, twins, were in every particular marked the same. Abner Ward exhibited a pair of 4 years old, large and noble; William Bailey, a pair remarkable for size; Daniel Congdon, five yoke, and J. Sayer Gardner four yoke of three years and five years old, the latter very handsome. Other exhibitors of stock were, Jonathan Northup, F. Peckham, J. Spooner, R. Peckham, John M. Anthony, Edwin Manchester, John Barker, Samuel Anthony, Leonard Brown, Borden Chase, George Potter, Samuel Manchester—and we might continue the list of good farmers who have reason to be proud of their fine stock, but we must pass on.

There were three fine Bulls on the field—one three years old and owned by Edmund Arnold, is a powerful animal. Four Durham Cows and a young Bull belonging to G. G. Chase, deserve notice, O. H. P. Coggeshall, Jonathan Anthony, Edward Sisson, Thos. B. Northup, R. S. Chase, Wm. B. Chase, and Pardon Brown were also among the exhibitors of good Cows and Calves.

There was quite a number of Horses on the field, but we cannot say much for the collection. In this department our island is rather behind an average. The best animals were, Geo. L. Potter's three year old Colt, a Mare and Colt, Mumford Hazard, Nathan Allen, a good Colt, John H. Gardner, one two years old do, Jas. E. Bailey, one three years old do, Luther Batesman, one three years old do, and a heavy black Stallion, Edward A. Hazard. We should not overlook the Mexican Donkey, owned by Anthony Stewart, Jr., for though a little one to look at, he is a good one to go.

The stock of pigs was also small; the following embraces all that we saw and they were certainly fine specimens. A Boar, raised by Henry E. Palmer, eleven months old and weighing 225 lbs.; two Suffolk and Muckle Pigs, E. D. Sisson; and five Barrows, by Thos. B. Buffum. The display of sheep was admirable. Thos. B. Buffum's South Down Bucks and Ewes attracted attention, the more so as it was known that they took the first premiums at Providence; Wm. B. & R. S. Chase full blood French Merino Black, bought of A. L. Bingham, Vt., at a cost of \$200, and sheared last spring about 20 pounds of wool, is a noble fellow; two lots of full bred Merino, by the same, one of which took the premium for second best Ewes at the State Fair; William Weedon of Jamestown, had a fine lot of half bred French Merinos three back and three ewes; Robert Watson of Jamestown, a fine South Down buck and a lot of ewes of same; Pardon Brown, a five year old Buck, and fifty wether sheep; Rowland Lewis South Down Buck; Gould Anthony 1 Leicester and 1 mixed; Henry E. Palmer two Leicester ewes and four mixed, one buck very handsome; J. M. Anthony, ten Merino Yearlings; Benjamin Barker, one South Down Buck. The collection of Poultry gave promise of a superior breed in the course of a few years. We noticed the following: a lot of Bremen Geese, by J. H. Spooner, not easily surpassed; Ducks by the same; a coop of Botten Geese, by Henry Sisson. Fancy Bantams, by Jas. H. Hammett, the finest displayed, and indeed equal in beauty to any we have seen. Poland and Borden Greys, by J. A. Williams, Black Poland, by Benj. Hazard; Cochins China by the same; a White Bantam Cock, by Pardon Brown; Fantail Pigeons, by J. H. Allan; Cochins China, by W. H. Thurston; Silver Pheasant Cock, by James Wyatt; African Bantams, by Job A. Peckham; three Kossooth Ducks—named from a singular black feather growing on the left side of the head and forming a plume, as is Kossooth, E. J. Swan; a Gander (Bremen) sixteen weeks old and weighing sixteen pounds, and three Poland Ducks by the same, John H. Chase, a pair of Muscovy Ducks; Joseph Anthony, one do, one Shanghae, one Bantam, and mixed Ducks; Cyrus Peckham, Cochins China, Leonard Brown, lot of Turkey; a pair of Goslings (we have lost the exhibitors name) were worthy of note, one weighing 15 lbs and the other 14; a Hen with thirty-five chickens, all one brood, from Newport Asylum—this is the hen of which we made mention a few weeks since. The Agricultural implements, of which there was a variety, were exhibited by Burdick & Barrett, of Providence.

At twelve o'clock an address was delivered before the Society by the President, NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq., in the Meeting House. The building was crowded, and every face expressed an interest in the proceedings. The address was an open, manly production; delivered without pretension or effort for effect, and its clear and comprehensive view of the subject—the Relations of the Farmer to Society—met the warm approval of all who were so fortunate as to obtain a seat.

Aquidneck Cattle Show and Fair.—This Exhibition came off near the First Baptist Meeting House in Middletown on the 21st inst.—The arrangements for Cattle were excellent and the Show was much finer than could have been anticipated.

Nearly one hundred yoke of such Oxen as can only be found on Rhode Island formed a splendid feature of the Show; there was so much competition in Cattle that it would have been almost impossible for a casual observer to have enumerated those most worthy of mention.

A gentleman of the Committee of Arrangement informed me that Middletown alone furnished nearly fifty yoke of Oxen. The show of Cows was also good and elicited much attention.

The Sheep certainly did much credit, both to the county and their owners.

South Downs, were exhibited by Mr. Buffum and they were surely no mean specimens of their breed; Younts, of this variety—"The South-Down" is adapted to almost any situation in the midland part of England. It has a patience of occasional short keep, and an endurance of hard stocking, equal to any other Sheep, an early maturity, scarcely inferior to that of the Leicester's and the flesh finely grained and of a peculiarly good flavor." From what I have heard of this breed I should think them well adapted to this island.

Leicester's, and a cross of that breed with the Berkshires, were exhibited by Henry E. Palmer, who it may well say has done much to improve his Sheep, and as far as my judgement goes they were the finest on the ground. This breed is distinguished for compactness and symmetry of form; for early maturity; for its fattening propensities; and for the mixture of fat with the lean.

Merinos, were also exhibited, but by whom I was not informed. Also many other fine Sheep all of which were worthy of mention if the time and space were afforded me.

The Exhibition of Horses I was rather disappointed in, but it was far from being a poor one. The Poultry was quite an interesting feature, especially to the Ladies, who were very much pleased with the Bantams; and amused at the crowing of the "dear little creatures." From the number of cages ticketed "Newport" I should think "the fever" had reached an alarming crisis in the old town.

The Address, by Nathaniel Greene, Esq., was an excellent production and fitted the occasion admirably; the body of the Meeting House was entirely filled with the Ladies, which showed their appreciation of so worthy an object.

The Plowing Match was also good. "Last, but not least," comes the Ladies Fair, in the Vestry, which truly did much credit to our Farmers' daughters; but they had no little help from Newport which was well represented.

On the whole the Exhibition was a fine one, and the Show of Cattle was much superior to that in Providence.

The Society evidently stands upon a firm footing, and the only one thing useful is now to GO AHEAD, which I do not but will be accomplished. For a country Society this may be considered a triumphant beginning.

Yours truly, G. T. H.

Holmes Farm, R. I., Sept. 22, 1852.

THE SHOW OF PROS. at the Exhibition in Middletown, spoke much for the cause of Tox among our people. In this age of progress we need due antagonism to radical movements. Hence we were glad to see the Pigs of Thomas B. Buffum, five in number, fat, heavy, and conservative looking. They were typical of what our times

UNDRESSED WHITE LINENS, also a large assortment of **FINISHED COLERAINES** of the celebrated manufacture of **JAMES AND ROBERT YOUNG**—largely received and for sale by
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